

## Magic Pig Detective

Melvins

Low soul in a manic  
Feels so only queen  
A deep tripe for a wander aimless  
Just fakes his green  
Cause I say no you're mine  
And I'm no only nine feed  
You got a cross confusing my ages  
Not yet more me

Cause I say you're in a ready  
Bleach-hearted boy wretched voice indeed  
A prosthetic you waiting to destroy

Two sides to Dylan's haw hee  
Feeling like a cemetery  
Karpick a what is in me  
A drill a sin try to kill it  
I sit on a quire haw hee  
Gettin like a titty single only  
A bottom make a cell it's time to bleed  
Tee, la-la hee-hee

Pig try to give it to you  
Killin' like a hundred an fifteen in  
Feed Birmingham.